

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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A FAMILY SCENE.

I CARRIED with me from my mother's house a cat, which was so beautiful that I named her Fairy, in honour of the damsel who was changed to Grimalkin, in the old romance. If I had a prejudice, it was in favour of cats and against dogs; this was unfortunate, for soon after my marriage, I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of his dog, and the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think much of Growler for some time. I only observed that, on occasional visits (for the office was his head-quarters), Fairy's back rose indignantly, and I felt mine disposed to mount too. At length, Growler, finding the house so comfortable, came home at night and daringly laid his unwieldy form on the centre of the hearth-rug, while Fairy, routed from her luxuriant station, stood upon her dignity, hissing and sputtering in one corner.

For a long period a single look from me would make Edward banish Growler from the room; but a present of a new office dog from a friend completely established him at home, and my husband became accustomed to my look and Growler's presence. When he grew indifferent, my ire was roused. I affirmed that of all created things, dogs were the dirtiest—that the house was filled with fleas—that my visitors never could approach the fire—that Growler eat us out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the carpet and floors, we had better be in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog, sometimes defended him, and always turned him out of doors. The animal knowing he had an enemy in the cabinet,

would sneak in with coward look; his tail between his legs, but invariably succeeded in ensconcing himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him. It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses to him, and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendancy over the mind that most connubial discords proceed. We dwell on some peculiarity in manner or taste opposed to our own, and jar the rich harp of domestic happiness, until one by one, every string is broken. I might have gone on this foolish ingenuity unhappiness, and perhaps have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains, not garlands, had I not when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians, been struck with a sudden sense of my duty, as I met the words, "and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

Oh, young and lovely bride, watch well the first moments when your will conflicts with his to whom God and society have given the control; reverence his wishes even when you do not his opinions. Opportunities enough will arise for the expression of your independence, to which he will gladly accede without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence, that soars over and conquers an irritable temper is higher than any other. So sure as you believe faults of temper are beneath prayer and self examination, you are on dangerous ground; a fountain will spring up on your household hearth of bitter and troubled waters.

When this conviction came over me, I threw myself upon my knees, and

prayed to God for a gentle, submissive temper. After long, and earnest inquiry into my own heart, I left the chamber, calm and happy. Edward was reading, and Growler stood beside him. I approached them softly, and patting the dog's head, said, "So, Growler, helping your master to read?" Edward looked at me inquiringly. I am sure my whole expression of face was changed; he drew me to him in silence and gave me a token of regard he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I wince a little at his inroads on my neat house-keeping, I never gave the dog an angry word, and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable, although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bull dog terrier, Camp, who could perceive the meaning of words, and who understood an allusion to an offence he had committed against the baker, for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned, he would get up and retire into the darkest corner of the room with an air of distress. But if you said, "the baker was not hurt after all," Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered, barked and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of these properties of observation which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy, Growler always accompanied him and rested his fore paws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older, he loved to try experiments upon the dog's sagacity and the child's courage. Sometimes Fred was put into a basket, and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth; as the boy advanced in strength, he was seated upon the dog's back with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased, new experiments were made particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant, and it seemed to us that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movements with her than with Frederick. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her, tied it strongly and putting the knot between the dog's teeth, sent her across

the room to me. No mother ever carried a child more skilfully. Of course all these associations attached him to the infant, and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself, and laid himself down and slept by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter, in his rough hair, and the round dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat—like a flower on a rock.

Edward and Frederick rode one afternoon to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our *woman in the kitchen* wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha in Polly's care. We were prevented, by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck, although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own lullaby. As we entered the square, we perceived that the neighbouring houses were closed for the night, and no light was visible, but a universal brilliancy through the crevices of our parlour shutters. Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involuntary cry, and Edward said, that "a common fire light could not produce such an effect." He urged his horse, we reached the house, I sprang for the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both screamed in agony, "fire!" In vain Edward attempted to wrench the bolt, or burst the door—that horrible light still gleamed on us. We flew to the side door, and then I recollected that a window was usually left open in a room which communicated with the parlour, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was open, we mounted, and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh, heavens! what were our emotions, as we saw Growler with his fore paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with

her night dress between his teeth, ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his customary gambols. With a little effort, Edward reached the child, and Growler springing to the ground, fawned and grovelled at our feet.

Edward alarmed the neighbourhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry from the close atmosphere and excess of terror. She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window curtain. The moment a blaze appeared, she endeavoured to extinguish it; "but," said she, "the flames ran like wild fire; and when I found I could do nothing, I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to get out the back door; after that I recollect nothing.

With prodigious efforts, the house was saved, though with great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by a hospitable neighbour; our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears; and Growler, our good Growler, with a whimpering, lay sleeping at our feet.

UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

OPINIONS OF THE ANCIENT FATHERS.

A FEW days ago, Dr. Pusey said, at one of the Church meetings, "he had come across some interesting passages of the Fathers, maintaining the doctrine of the endless punishment of the wicked." How he could call such passages interesting, we cannot tell. It is not a very interesting topic. We have also come across some passages of the Fathers, that we dare call interesting, without any impropriety, or fear of censure,—passages which affirm the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind. To this we may also add, our profound conviction, that the first fruits of christian effort were gained by preaching the doctrine of the Resurrection, and that in Christ "all should be made alive." If the doctrine of damnation had been preached among the heathen by the first

apostles, as it is now among christian people, we are inclined to think christianity would not have made the progress that it did. Cruel as the speculations of some of the heathens were, concerning future punishment, the greatest duration of the period of punishment, assigned to the wicked, by any of them, was one year less than a thousand. Terrible enough as this was, it is infinitely short of the doctrine of endless punishment.

Every thing connected with the early christian church, is interesting to us, for it approached much nearer to the teaching of the Saviour, than many churches now do. Towards the close of the second century, lived Clemens Alexandrinus, one of the most illustrious Fathers and divines of the christian church. We learn from his writings, that are still spared to us, he was a firm believer, and an open preacher of the universal and eternal goodness of God. He taught that all the punishments that God inflicts, whether in this or the next world, are executed by him for the purposes of instruction and reformation. He says: "The Lord does good unto all, and delights in all; as God, he forgives our transgressions; and as men, he teaches us, and instructs us that we may not sin. Man is indeed necessarily dear to God, because he is his workmanship. He therefore loves him. There are some," says Clemens, "who deny that the Lord is good, because he inflicts punishments and enjoins fear." To this he replies, "There is nothing which the Lord hates, for he cannot hate anything, and yet will that it should exist. Now as the Lord is certainly the cause of whatever exists, he cannot, of course, desire that anything, which is, should not be; and therefore he cannot hate anything, as all exist by his own will." And then Clemens continues: "If God hates none of his works, then it is evident that He loves them all, especially man above the rest, who is the most excellent of his creatures. Now, whoever loves another, wishes to benefit him; and therefore God does good unto all. He does not merely bless them in some particulars, yet neglect all care over them; he is both careful for them, and solicitous for their interests." And then he adds: "That God's justice is, of itself, nothing but goodness, for it rewards the

virtuous with blessings, and conduces to the improvement of the sinful. There are many evil affections which are to be cured only by suffering. Punishment is in its operation like medicine, it dissolves the hard heart, purges away the filth of uncleanness, and reduces the swellings of pride and haughtiness, thus restoring its subject to a sound and healthful state. It is not from hatred, therefore, that the Lord rebukes mankind." Clemens also affirms his full persuasion, that in the regions of the dead, or of departed spirits, the work of punishment and reformation proceeds according to the same divine benignity: "And the chastisements of God are salutary and instructive, leading to amendment, and preferring the repentance to the death of the sinner; especially as souls in their separate state, though darkened by evil passions, have yet a clearer discernment than they had whilst in the body, because they are no longer clouded and encumbered with the flesh." And he affirms that the Jews held this opinion in former times, when the scripture was written,—these are his words: "Now all the poets as well as the Greek philosophers, took their notions of the punishments after death, and the torments of fire, from the Hebrews. Does not Plato mention the rivers of fire, and that profound abyss which the Jews call Gehenna (*i.e.* hell), together with other places of punishment, where the characters of men are reformed by suffering?" And touching the extent of salvation,—these are his words: "How is he a Saviour and a Lord, unless he is the Saviour and Lord of all? He is certainly the Saviour of those who have believed; and of those who have not believed he is the Lord, until by being brought to confess him, they shall receive the proper and well-adapted blessing for themselves. The Lord," says he, "is the justification, not only for our sins, that is of the faithful, but also for the whole world; therefore, he indeed saves all; but converts some by punishments, and others by gaining their free will, so that he has the high honour,—that unto him, every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, on earth, and under the earth: that is, angels, men, and the souls of those who died before his advent."

Dr. Pusey and his clerical friends would not regard such passages as these at all interesting. Yet this Father was one of the great and successful champions of christianity about 1700 years ago. He is still regarded as one of the Orthodox Fathers; nor do we doubt his utterances upon this question, but that they were the doctrines of the church at that time.

No one can for a moment doubt, but that the celebrated Origen, who flourished at the beginning of the third century, was a leading and representative divine of his period in the church. The following are his words on universal redemption: "The end and consummation of the world will take place, when all shall be subjected to punishments, proportioned to their several sins; and how long each one shall suffer, in order to receive his deserts, God only knows. But we suppose that the goodness of God through Christ, will certainly restore all creatures into one final state, his very enemies being overcome and subdued." After this, Origen goes on to cite scriptural proof from the Old and New Testament, such as the readers of our paper have often seen, and concludes, "Such then being the final result of things, that all enemies shall be subdued to Christ, death, the last enemy shall be destroyed, and the kingdom be delivered up to the Father by Christ. Let us with this view before us, now turn and contemplate the beginning of things. Now the beginning always resembles the end, and as there will be one common end, or result to all, so we should believe that all had one common beginning. In other words, that as the great variety of characters, and different orders of beings which now exist, will, through the goodness of God, their subjection to Christ, and the unity of the Holy Ghost, be finally restored to one and the same state, so were they all originally created in one common condition, resembling that into which they are eventually to be called."

We should be sorry to deny the truth, that Dr. Pusey did find some ancient Fathers who supported his views of endless punishment. Tertullian and others did uphold those views to terrify men. Arnobius, and others with him, preached the doctrine of annihilation of the wicked.

Clemens, Origen, and others, preached and defended from the character of God, the mission of Christ, and the teachings of reason and scripture, the final restoration of the wicked. All those views were tolerated without any cry of heresy in the church during the first three centuries.

How very interesting it must be to the christian traveller, to visit some of the places in the East, where the first churches were planted. Many of us may covet a ramble like our brother, Mr. James, of Bristol, who has gone off to look upon the ruins of ancient cities. For one moment let us imagine ourselves on one of those wide-spread plains, east of Palestine. See fragments of old walls, remains of splendid temples, triumphal arches, old monasteries, mosques, and churches; there also are numberless broken pillars, moss and grass overgrown the ruins. At one season of the year rose trees in full blossom commingling a sweet fragrance and rich beauty, with the melancholy of a ruined city. Just here we meet the ancient of Bostra; yes, yes, there are some of the stones of the old church. We uncover our heads, for we think of the pious old bishop, Titus of Bostra, good old man! loved by everyone who knew him, his voice is now low. He preached here, A. D. 364. Thanks to God for written language! Here is one of his sermons, just 1500 years old. Listen to a few words, it is on hell, and the punishment of the wicked. What does he say, the old bishop of Bostra? he says "The abyss of hell is indeed the place of torment, but it is not eternal, nor did it exist in the original constitution of nature. It was made after, as a remedy for sinners, that it might cure them. And the punishments are holy as they are remedial and salutary in their effect upon transgressors; for they are inflicted not to preserve them in their wickedness, but to make them cease from their wickedness. The anguish of their sufferings compels them to break off their vices."

Among the ancient bishops we find some of them like Titus, purely restorationists; others, like Tertullian, held the endless misery of the wicked; and some like Basil, the great bishop of Cesarea, sometimes inclining to one view, and

sometimes to the other. At one period we find few giving prominence to the doctrine; at another time we find some of the most learned and eloquent of the church defending and preaching it. Its advocates about the year 380, were Gregory Nyssen, Didymus, and Jerome, and the celebrated bishop Gregory Nazianzen, renowned as a theologian, and a brilliant preacher. Yet he, at times, seemed to waver between the two doctrines, for in one of his discourses he speaks of the punishment of the wicked as an endless and vindictive punishment, and then closes the passage with those curious words, showing how he was then halting between two opinions: "It is the nature of all those punishments to ruin and destroy, unless however, one may suppose, that the fire in this case also is to be understood more moderately, and as worthy indeed of the God who punishes." Yes, this was a wise conclusion to come to, for God can do nothing but what is worthy of him, nor should we ever think of him doing otherwise. One of the most clear and copious writers of that period, was the brother of Basil the great,—bishop Gregory Nyssen. Commenting on the chapter, I. Cor. xv. 28, he says, "The scope of St. Paul's meaning is, that the nature of evil shall at length be wholly exterminated; and divine immortal goodness embrace within itself every rational creature, so that of all who were made by God, not one shall be excluded from his kingdom." Again, "When, therefore, the dominion of sin within us shall be entirely overthrown, everything must, of course, be subject to him, who rules over all, because there can be no opposing inclination in the universe. It is manifest that the apostle declares the extinction of all sin, saying that God will be all in all. I believe that punishment will be administered in proportion to each one's corruptness. All evil must at length be entirely removed from every thing, so that it shall no more exist."

These opinions are in perfect harmony with the New Testament, which declares, God wills the salvation of all.—I. Tim. II. 4. God purposes the salvation of all.—Eph. I. 9. God promises the salvation of all.—Acts. III. 25. God vows the salvation of all.—Rom. XIV. 11. God sent his Son to save all.—John III. 17.

NOBLE REWARD OF INTEGRITY.

A FARMER called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crops of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his hounds had, during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have done considerable injury, and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will pay you."

The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop was quite destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him.

The earl instantly gave him the money.

As harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts that were most trampled, the corn was the strongest and most luxuriant.

The farmer went again to his lordship and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His lordship instantly recollected the circumstance—"Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord, I have found that I sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is the most promising and I have therefore brought the £50 back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "that is what I like; that is what ought to be between man and man." He entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for £100. "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him and tell him the occasion that produced it."

We know not which most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man, for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

A DEATH SCENE.

As I paused at the cottage door, I involuntarily cast my eyes towards the heavens,—they were as calm as was the rest of Nature. But a single cloud rested upon their concave, and that lay just above the horizon. The moon was at her full, so that every object in Nature was almost as distinct as at midday. An old elm rested upon the cottage side,—it was passive as though its leaves were incapable of motion. I ventured some steps from the door, and viewed the smoke ascending through its boughs, for they drooped over the chimney top. I looked beyond, upon the rocky ascent behind the cottage,—it was bare of shrubs, but it shone brightly in the clear moonlight; and the little rill that leaped among its rocks "discoursed sweet music." An old fence taking its zigzag course over a meadow newly mown, looked gently picturesque and beautiful.

I might have gazed upon nature longer, for I was in a mood to enjoy her calm loveliness, had I not heard the window gently raised. I approached it, and Ellen bade me enter. "But step lightly," said she, "for our cousin is very low." I entered the invalid's room;—it was in keeping with the scene without. The curtain had been withdrawn, that the dying one, like Rousseau, might take a last look of Nature.

"You are just in season, cousin Robert," said Mrs. Henly, extending her emaciated hand, "I feared my summons would not reach you, and I was preparing my mind to leave the world without having seen you. But I shall die happier now my kindred are with me—you and Ellen are all that remain. Perhaps it is a foolish wish, but I have ever thought that I would have those that I have loved, and that have loved me, and that have been kind to me in life, beside me in death. Not to take an eternal farewell, for the present and the future are but one continuous line, upon which we journey, losing sight of each other at their boundary but to meet again."

Mrs. Henly would have proceeded, but her respiration was becoming obstructed, so that Ellen motioned me to take her place behind her chair whilst she poured vinegar upon a brick, which

had been heated upon the hearth, and blew the fumes in her face. It revived her. "Ellen," said the patient one, faintly, "cousin Robert will help you to lift me in my chair into the open air."

We bore her to the green sward. "How lovely the night is!" said she, "how calm, how serene, all nature! Indeed she is ever beautiful, let her take the shape she will. Last night she arrayed herself in thick and coursing clouds. Yet there was music in her rumbling thunder, and sublime beauty in her flashing lightnings. But you, Ellen, never witness such manifestations of the Creator's power, for whenever the heavens shadow forth a token of the tempest, you betake yourself to your darkened chamber. I would, Ellen dear, that you could divest yourself of such fears, for the Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot keep alive in any place or at any time. You, cousin Robert, used to love a storm. I think I have heard you say they were tempest marks to awaken us to reflection." "I have often made the remark, but last night there was a storm in my own breast and it unfitted me for reflection."

"Could you not have said to it, Peace be still?"

"I might, had I listened to the voice of conscience, for that whispered me thus. But, having given way to my passions during my early life, I have acquired habits that cleave closely, and that are hard to overcome."

"Nought but the voice of God within us can overcome them," said Mrs. Henly. "But if we are intent upon our present, or future happiness, we shall strive to increase the tenderness and power of our conscience, for every victory gained adds to its strength, and in the same proportion weakens our evil habits. We must do battle for conscience' sake, cousin Robert, if we would establish Heaven's throne in our hearts. We must guard every avenue to its approach, for the passions, our lurking enemies, occupy the outlets, and are the Goths and Vandals to irrupt upon us when we dose. Had you vanquished last night, you would have stood here a happier man this: for a battle for conscience' sake is a bloodless one, and the conquest is rife with the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Again did Mrs. Henly pause for breath, but soon recovering—"Ellen," said she, "would you scale Heaven, patiently mount upon the ladder of duty, and divest yourself, one by one, of your evil habits, the weight that sinks the soul, as you climb. Then you may rob death of its sting, and the grave of its victory. And ever bear in mind the power of memory to give back unto you, link by link, your every thought, word, and deed. And as you go up, keep your thoughts fixed on Heaven, turning not earthward lest you lose a golden round. That single thought, Ellen—the enduring power of memory, will, if you realise and cherish it, do much towards keeping you in the path of peace. But whether you are true to yourself or not, it will be faithful to its office, and will give back unto you, like as in a mirror, the reflection of your past life."

"But I am failing fast—Ellen dear, press my hand more firmly; but no, do not bear me within," said she, hearing Ellen whisper me to that purpose, "for the night air will do me no harm. It cannot quicken the last sand,—when that is run, you may bear my body in, till you have prepared a place for dust to mingle with dust. My spirit I commend to the God who gave it. Should it be permitted, as was promised to the penitent one upon the cross, to be with its Saviour in Paradise, may be that it will

'Walk the earth

Unseen both when you wake and when you sleep.'

"You start, cousin, as though you doubted that such an event can happen, or feared it would take cognizance of your thoughts. Fear it not—rather fear God, who, we know has knowledge of them: and while you stand in awe of Him to keep them pure, remember that the first and great command is to love Him—even as he loves you."

She ceased; I bent my ear to catch her breath, but it had been resumed by him who gave it. There was a single rose, blooming upon a bridal bush within. Ellen stepped to the casement, plucked and twined it in the dark braid above her brow. It was an emblem of the spirit departed. It was an offering to death's birth—and we almost felt that the spirit cherished it, for it kept bright and beautiful to the last.

THE "QUIVER" AND UNITARIANISM.

IN the conversation between the two characters, WHITE and OWEN, which fills up about forty columns of the "*Quiver*," all the old, stale, flat, and profitless ways of convincing OWEN that Unitarianism is not the truth, are employed by WHITE. At times OWEN seems to be fairly bewildered by the texts and methods of proof, and asks if he has not had it proved to him that there are three Gods. And then his teacher has to enter into an explanation, and show him that though he has proved A, B and C are each Gods, and equal in power and glory, yet he must not talk about "three Gods," or think of three Gods, but only *one God*. And they come back to the Unitarian position after they have wandered away in their reasonings into polytheism. Their common sense, and the direct teaching of the Bible, bend them back again to "one God," the point from which they never had any good reason for leaving. After WHITE has proved his case by numerous passages of scripture, all capable of a very different explanation from that which he puts upon them, he finds, like the Spanish noble, that prayed for spirits to help him on to his horse, they have helped him too far, and helped him over it. So it is with the Trinitarian controversialists, they set out to prove that three distinct and intelligent persons are each God; and then being questioned, are there not *three Gods*? they begin a retrograde movement, feeling they have proved the existence of too many Gods, and come back to the simple and Unitarian confession of faith, "To us there is but one God."

The great difference between us and the Trinitarian is, that we believe with the scriptures,—“To us there is but one God, the Father;” and they believe with the creeds, that their God is composed of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. They will see their folly some day, and be brought to confess it. In previous numbers of the "*Christian Freeman*," we have given an exposition of all the texts adduced by WHITE to prove his case. For one moment to show the utter futility of the passages quoted, let

our readers ponder two passages cited to prove the doctrine of the Trinity,—1st, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance and give thee peace."—Numb. vi. 23. And then again the phrase, "Holy, Holy, Holy."—Isaiah xii. 41. We can scarcely think men sane when they adduce such texts, and not one text has any more bearing on the subject than those have.

In seeking to uphold the Deity of Jesus Christ, we are told, by WHITE, that the title, "Son of God," necessarily implies, that Christ is God. This is a most astounding inference to the ear of reason and common sense. We are told that the Jews were quite correct, in charging Christ with making himself equal with God; while the Saviour tells them they had drawn a wrong conclusion from his words, and they felt they were wrong, transparently wrong, and put down the stones they had taken up to throw at Christ. But WHITE understands the case, and accusation of the Jews, better than either Christ or the Jews, and contends against Christ, saying, the Jews were right. This is the way the Deity of Christ is sustained by the "*Quiver*." It says much for the knowledge of WHITE, but little for the knowledge of Christ. There are places in the New Testament where Christ is spoken of by the Jews as the "Prince of devils." We cannot believe the "*Quiver*" would go for accepting all the conclusions come to by the enemies of Christ, yet in the argument before us, it veers in that direction. WHITE seems to think that the first three gospels say so little about the Godhead of Christ, that if the fourth gospel had not been written, "the Arians would have found some foothold for their theory." But it is quite as easy to us to show that the gospel of John, which declares in the words of Christ, "The Father is greater than I," is as Unitarian as the other gospels are. Indeed OWEN puts the question to WHITE, and asks him if Christ does not declare himself subordinate to the Father? and the only intelligible answer he gets, is, that the creeds of the church declare them both equal, and it is better therefore to believe Athanasius and the creeds, than what

Christ says. OWEN is not quite satisfied with preferring the Athanasian creed to the words of Jesus Christ, and asks WHITE, why he prefers the creed to Christ's words, and the chief reason seems to be, that if you keep to the creed of Athanasius, you will keep sound in the faith: if you believe Christ you will become an Arian, and then you are sure to become a Socinian. "The Arian in most cases goes on to Socinianism." This is a novel reason for preferring Athanasius to Christ, yet this is one of his reasons for so doing.

OWEN tells WHITE about some interpretations of scripture he has read, that, view those texts differently from him, and this leads WHITE to declaim against reading Unitarian writers, for they are sure to try to prop up their cause. It is very amusing to find how anxious Trinitarians are to get readers among Unitarians, and at the same time they warn off their friends against reading Unitarian writers. He says almost the whole of the Unitarians have been brought up to believe their views correct, and so they should not be trusted. A strange reason this. The fact is this, that no church has so many members and ministers, converts from other churches, as our church. Many of us were brought up to a very different doctrine, but found it untenable, and abandoned it. We dare say that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand of Trinitarian ministers were educated so, while the half of the Unitarians of our country were educated in a different faith, and a very large proportion of our ministers have abandoned more fashionable and lucrative churches than the Unitarian, for the sake and love of the truth as it is in Jesus. So we turn the tables on WHITE in this matter.

The most reprehensible part of this essay against Unitarianism, is towards the closing pages of it. WHITE tells OWEN "that the whole Unitarian scheme is one grand mistake." * * "That they try to persuade themselves that God is a good-natured Being." * * "Every Unitarian writer is wont to delight in descriptions of the goodness of God, and of man's obligation to worship and love him." And so WHITE goes on representing such teaching as very erroneous

and wicked. He would have us amplify on the character of God, as an ill-natured, vengeful, implacable Being. We could scarcely believe that any christian man could write down such nonsense, did we not read it. And then he tells us that such views as his of a God of wrath, and fire, and endless displeasure, will lead to greater calmness and composure at death. He says we speak of God as an indulgent Being, and merciful and forgiving, and thus suppose him to be "altogether such an one as ourselves." Have we not taken a high enough view of God? The "*Quiver*" does not charge us with this fault, but we err in taking too high and merciful a view of the character of our heavenly Father. Then WHITE goes on to blacken the characters of God and man: he brings in his sacrificial scheme to put things right, which only puts them further wrong. He tells of God full of wrath demanding his pound of flesh and blood from an innocent victim, and will not bless, will not forgive and save, till the full price of blood be paid down. He calls this the divine plan of mercy, shaped out of the hugest injustice, and the darkest crime, committed by the Jews. We need not enlarge, yet in this very article, on the forgiveness of sin, it is alleged that man is forgiven by the "mere free forgiveness of his heavenly Father." Then what does all this unnatural machinery mean. WHITE tells OWEN that the Unitarians do not believe that sin will be punished. We can simply hurl back the lie. We teach that sin is always punished by a good and righteous God. And the sinner is punished; not the father for the son, nor the son for the father; the soul that sinneth it shall die. We do not believe that the ends of justice would be served in substitutionary suffering. That heaven is too truthful, when it threatens punishment for sin in the sinner; to vent its wrath upon the holy and innocent. We never proclaim to sinful men that others will suffer the punishment due to their sins; or that God has punished in another, their crime. This would be a proclamation of injustice that would only still more vitiate their minds. We rebut the charges of the "*Quiver*". They are false arrows fixed to wound us,—misrepresentation and calumny. For the

thousandth time, we proclaim God's law is "holy, just, and good,"—and that "every disobedience receives a just recompense of reward." "He that doth wrong shall suffer for the wrong that HE doth, for with God there is no respect of persons."

The practical conclusion to which the writer against Unitarianism comes, in the "*Quiver*," is this, that Trinitarians can die happy in their faith; and therefore, it is to be inferred, Unitarians can not. We know that the practical experience of Unitarians is this, a practical refutation of his practical conclusion. He tells OWEN that Trinitarians trust to the "grace of God," and that Unitarians trust to the "goodness of God," and that there is a vast deal of difference, for our trust is the mere "insinuation of Satan." The difference between Trinitarians and Unitarians, WHITE tells OWEN, is "as great as the distinction between heaven and hell." He says that we teach, "God will not punish sin." The whole of the articles against us are filled with falsehoods; bad taste and bad feeling prevail throughout. As we said at the beginning of our review of those articles, false doctrines lead to pernicious and sinful habits in the end. What cannot be sustained by truth, must be defended by falsehood and spleen. The series of articles in the "*Quiver*" illustrate this. We take our farewell of this writer, trusting that his further study of religion may lead him to see, that to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, is better than Trinitarianism. That there is ONE GOD and God is ONE.

STONING JEWS IN LENT.

FROM the sabbath before Palm-Sunday to the last hour of the Tuesday after Easter, "the Christians were accustomed to stone and beat the Jews," and all Jews who desired to exempt themselves from infliction of this cruelty, commuted for a payment in money. It was likewise ordained during Lent, that all orders of men should be prayed for except the Jews. These usages were instituted and justified by a dreadful perversion of scripture, when right and ceremony triumphed over truth and mercy. Human-

ity was dead, for superstition Molochized the heart.

From the dispersion of the Jews they have lived peaceably in all nations towards all, and in all nations been persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death, or massacred by mobs. In England, kings conspired with their subjects to oppress them. To say nothing of the well-known persecutions they endured under King John, the walls of London were repaired with the stones of their dwellings, which his barons had pillaged and destroyed. Until the reign of Henry II., a spot of ground near Red-cross-street, in London, was the only place in all England wherein they were allowed to bury their dead.

In 1262, after the citizens of London broke into their houses, plundered their property, and murdered seven hundred of them in cold blood, King Henry III. gave their ruined synagogue in Lothbury to the friars called the fathers of the sackcloth. The Church of St. Olave in the Old Jewry was another of their synagogues till they were dispossessed of it; were the sufferings they endured to be recounted we should shudder. Our old English ancestors would have laughed any one to derision who urged in a Jew's behalf, that he had "eyes," or "hands," "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions;" or that he was fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is. They would have deemed a man mad had one been found with a desire to prove that

—the poor Jew,

In corporeal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a Christian dies.

To say nothing more of their obvious sufferings for many centuries, the tide of public opinion raged against the Jews vehemently and incessantly. They were addressed with sneers and contumely; the finger of vulgar scorn was pointed at them; they were hunted through the streets in open day, and when protected from the extremity of violence, it was with tones and looks denoting that only a little lower hate sanctuaried their persons. In conversation and in books they were a bye-word and a jest.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"Among the priests in themselves,
It were better dyke and delve,
And stand upon ye right faith,
Than know all that the bible saith,
And err as some priests do."—Gower.

To tell you the truth, we think the Broad Church party, though it has gained a victory over the Narrow, and still more Narrow Church party,—High and Low—in the Decision of Her Majesty's Privy Council (that the plenary inspiration of the scriptures, the popular doctrine of atonement, and the doctrine of endless punishment, are not to be regarded as doctrines of the church, so the highest court of our nation now determines, a court from which there is no appeal), still it would have been more honourable of that party, to have left the church, and appealed to the hearts and minds of the people of England from a free pulpit, where they could have given a full utterance to their thought, and not be necessitated as they still are, to guard carefully every word. We fear the honours and emoluments of the Establishment have a hold upon them, as it had in the days of Gower on the priests of whom he wrote. But then it is not less true that the other sections of the church, opposed to the Unitarian party, in the church of England, ought, the whole sixteen thousand of them, to demand the decision, so heretical to their minds, to be reversed, and those doctrines so dear to their souls, to be re-endorsed by the head of the church, or they will leave the Establishment. Ah! no, they will do no such thing. There was a time when men were vastly more willing to make sacrifices for what they esteemed to be truth. Even the Baptismal Regeneration question did once drive some priests from the church, when it was negatived in the court. High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church, have equal reasons based on moral grounds for leaving the Establishment; but they have sovereign reasons for staying where they are. So much for the union of Church and State as the ground and pillar of the truth. We wonder how any pious and christian man dare any longer continue to plead for the union of church and state.

THE HONEST STABLE BOY.

JOHN — went to live at Col. Mansfield's. The colonel had a ward, a young lad, who came home to spend his vacation. He very soon tried to make friends with John. But John did not like "the cut of his jib," he told his mother.

One night he came into the stable where John was currying the horse. "John," said he, in a confidential undertone, "will you let me take the colonel's horse to-night? You won't lose anything by it."

"It is not my horse to let," replied John.

"Oh! hang it," cried Ashby, laughing, "you know what I mean. If you come in and find him gone, *keep dark*; that's all. You'll be the richer for it."

"The shortest way to settle this bargain is to ask the colonel, and if he says, 'yes,' take the horse and welcome," said John.

"Why, don't you know that he won't let me?" cried Ashby, angrily; "but I'll have the horse in spite of him—that is," said Ashby, coaxingly, "if you, John, will keep dark."

"James Ashby," replied John, sturdily, "that is a kind o' thing I don't keep. My business is to take care of Colonel Mansfield's horse, and he'll never go out of this stable without the colonel's leave, with my consent."

"Then I'll *black* you to the colonel," cried Ashby, fiercely.

"That you can do, if you will," replied John, calmly, "but you don't have this horse out of the stable to-night, without the colonel's leave, while I am stable-boy."

"Blast you!" cried Ashby, turning on his heel, to confront Colonel Mansfield himself, who going to the stable to give an errand to John, became the willing, and yet unwilling hearer of the talk.

"Young man," said he, in one of his most searching tones, "always act and speak in such a manner that you won't be afraid to have daylight let in suddenly on you."

"Which boy wasn't afraid?"

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

In the early part of the year, 1826, an English gentleman, from Aknefcht in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw, in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking a refreshment, to take a walk through the streets.—While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met with an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanour. After a mutual exchange of civilities, they got into conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other, in a most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house, till such times as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding with a smile, that it was not improbable but he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return. The invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without, and rich and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole, produced unbounded confidence on the part of the Englishman.—The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home—deeming that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days, he prepared for his departure, and on asking for his box, how was he amazed, when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise, replied, "What box?" "Why the small box of jewels which I gave you to keep for me!" "My dear sir, you must be surely mistaken; I really never saw nor heard of such a box" The Englishman was petrified. After recovering himself a little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it.—She came, and on being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband—expressed the same surprise, and benevolently endeavoured to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment, and despair, he walked out of the house, and went to the tavern at which he put up on his arrival at Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his iniquitous host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the Grand Duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He waited on him, with little ceremony was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down his case, and Constantine, "with a greedy car devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable,

and of an unblemished character. "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed the summons. "Have you no recollection of having received a box of Jewels from the hand of this gentleman?" said the Duke. "Never, my Lord," was the reply. "Strange indeed. Are you perfectly conscious," turning to the Englishman, "that you gave the box as stated?" "Quite certain, my Lord." Then addressing himself to the Jew—"this is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth—is your wife at home?" "Yes my Lord." "Then," continued Constantine, "here is a sheet of paper, and here is a pen, proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as I shall dictate." Aaron lifted the pen. "Now," said this second Solomon, "commence by saying, All is discovered!!—There is no resource left but to deliver up the box. I have owned the fact in the presence of the Grand Duke." A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers.—But instantly recovering himself he exclaimed, "that is impossible, my Lord.—That would be directly implicating myself." "I give you my word and honour," said Constantine, "in presence of all in the room, that what you write shall never be used as an instrument against you, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it I will hold it as a proof of your guilt."

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and, as he was desired, sealed it with his own signet. Two officers were despatched with it to the house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sunk to the ground.—The box was delivered up, and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villany deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

THE decision of Her Majesty's Privy Council on the Essays and Reviews, has excited great commotion among priests and lawyers. The priests are alarmed and the lawyers are amused. The following epitaph on Lord Westbury, who gave the judgment, has been circulated through the Inns of Court:—

RICHARD BARON WESTBURY,
Lord High Chancellor of England.

He was an eminent Christian,
An energetic and successful Statesman,
And a still more eminent and successful Judge.

During his three years tenure of office
he abolished
The time-honoured institution of the Insolvent's Court,
The ancient mode of conveying land,
and
The Eternity of Punishment.

Toward the close of his earthly career,
In the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,
He dismissed Hell with costs,
And took away from orthodox members of the Church of
England their last hope of everlasting damnation.

THE SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY.

THAT we may have some little record of the three hundredth birthday of England's great poet in our columns, we place before our readers a few of the moral and religious sentiments we have culled from the plays of Shakspeare. We know nothing what this great man professed in religion, nor do we care: we do know the commendation he frequently pronounces on a pure, charitable, and upright life. He saw, as in a glass, that true happiness could only be found in virtue; and times without number, makes this prominent among the characters he places before us.

The poet, in many beautiful passages, has shown what kind of life becomes the christian profession:

"Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away."

"I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine old age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!"

And in prayer to believe that God will do for us even better than we think or ask, for often we know not what is best:

"We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good, so find we profit
By losing of our prayers."

"And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

"Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done."

The vanity of words in prayer without the spirit of prayer, is well put in those lines:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go."

In innumerable places the poet urges that all true and permanent honour in man arises from virtuous actions, and victory over evil passions. These are not hereditary qualities, but the work of every soul for itself.

"Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires."

"Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers."

"Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life."

"The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

"From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so;
The property by what it is should go
Not by the title."

"Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which which enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

But we can only secure the good name we may have won, and the peace and honour of a useful life, by faithful continuance in well-doing. Our virtue must be constant and active to keep it always bright.

"Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, as a rusty nail
In monumental mockery.

O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of tone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time."

We must feel that any power we possess to do good must be exerted; for as God is a faithful judge, we ought to be faithful stewards.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do:
Not light them for themselves; for if our
virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touched

But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Both thanks and use."

He frequently refers to the fact, it is much easier to preach than to practise virtue; and that we ought not to deceive ourselves by thinking our loud professions are sufficient to mark an honourable and perfect character.

"Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven—
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own road."

"They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more, we should ourselves complain."

"If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good
divine that follows his own instructions. I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow my own
teaching."

Some of the poet's finest and most imperishable lines illustrate the three graces—Faith, Hope, and Love. He shows how empty and trifling are all the other distinctions of human life compared with these; title, ceremony, and place are nothing without these.

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

"The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope."

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

"Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better."

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

"The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend,
Not a frown further."

"No ceremony that to great ones 'longs
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshall's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does."

"The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest;
It is an attribute to God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

And if we wish to walk among men, with a firm,
unfaltering step, and to fear no permanent harm

in the battle of life, it can only be done by innocence and justice in our daily life.

"What stronger breast plate than a heart untainted?"

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

"Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience."

"To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'THIS WAS A MAN.'"

The poet conjures us against doubt and delay to be what we wish to be; and tells us to set down our faults to our own account, and not to any fortuitous circumstances.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

"Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old and on our quickest decrees:
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

All our trials and the supposed adverse elements and backstrokes of fortune are to be regarded as the instruments of promotion and perfection which we could not do without.

"He cannot be a perfect man
Not being try'd and tutored in the world;
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time."

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull,
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull."

"These are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

"He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer the
worst that man can breathe:
And makes his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment,
carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger."

"Our trials are
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortunes love: for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Destruction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled."

"The web of our life is a mingled yarn, good
and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if
our faults whipped them not: and our crimes
would despair, if they were not cherished by our
virtues."

Like all great teachers, he exposes the dangers
that arise from a thirst for wealth and exalted
station, and gives the preference to a mind
virtuous and content with humble things.

"How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object."

"All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods."

"There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds, that thou may'st
not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none."

"Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

"'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

"Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame."

"The world is still deceived with ornament.
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some marks of virtue on its outward parts."

"O, momentary grace of mortal man,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep."

It may be fairly said, that the whole of the
poet's works represent a course of lawless ambi-
tion and vice, as having for its reward the feelings
of guilt and the experience of misery. And the
very possession, purchased by crime, stings the
sinful one almost to death.

"Why all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain."

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done."

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

"For murder, though it have no tongue will
speak
With most miraculous organ."

"O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing to me, and the thunder,—
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper." (*The guilty one.*)

"That but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here.

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned
chalice
To our own lips."

"But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder;
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's guil'd hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature."

The poet describes the healthy influence on
old age, of a sober and virtuous youth. It would
be well if all young people pondered well these
lines:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquours to my blood:
Nor did with an unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

WANT OF EMPLOYMENT.—The Jews have a proverb "that he who breeds not up his son to some occupation, makes him a thief;" and the Arabians say, "that an idle person is the devil's playmate."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PRAYER-BOOK.—A person recommends subscriptions to be done in the same way as pills are taken,—swallow them whole, do not examine, or chew them, or they will certainly turn out very disagreeable and bitter.

CONTENTMENT.—Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the store-houses of heaven, clouds and providence? Can a man quench his thirst better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?

CASE OF CLOTHES TAKING FIRE.—It should be inculcated throughout the country, and enforced upon every female mind, that if, at the moment when her clothes have caught fire, instead of running for help, she should instantly lie down upon the floor, and if necessary, from the progress the flames have made, roll over once or twice, it would, in a great proportion of instances, immediately extinguish them. While standing erect, the fire will ascend with great rapidity, just as a sheet of paper held by one corner, and lighted at the bottom, will consume in a moment; but if cotton garments are laid horizontally, it will proceed much more slowly, as will be the case with a sheet of paper laid upon the floor. Running, very much increases the flames, by quickening the current of air.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—At midnight a curious custom of some Roman catholic churches is performed called the Cock-Mass, in commemoration of the crowing of the cock which took place on Peter's denial of Christ. When the curate commences the service, they imitate and mock his gestures, tone of voice and manner of reading; make all kinds of noise—shooting, bawling, hooting, and imitating the crowing of the cock, with every possible exertion of the lungs; the whole forming an exhibition most deafening to the ear, and perfectly ridiculous to the eye. There is another church service, quite as ludicrous and preposterous, on the day of celebrating the rending of the vail of the temple, when our Saviour gave up the ghost. The people have large hammers, with which they beat the benches, and have sheets of tin, &c., which they shake, to imitate the noise of thunder as nearly as possible. An English colonel in the Mexican service, on this occasion thought he could add to the scene, by imitating the English fox hunter's tally-ho, which he did with so much strength and clearness of lungs, as quite to exceed any noise of other persons, and gained by it so much of the curate's good will, who imagined that his religion was in proportion to the vehemence of his utterance, that after the service he came to him, and seizing his hand, thanked him most cordially for his kind addition to the devotion of the night.

READ THIS!—He who is desirous to find religious truth, must seek her in the holy scriptures, interpreted by good sense and sober criticism, and embrace no theological systems any farther than as they are found consistent with the word of God, with right reason, and with themselves. A theological system is too often a temple consecrated to implicit faith; and he who enters in there to worship, instead of leaving his shoes, after the Eastern manner, must leave his understanding at the door; and it will be well if he find it when he comes out again.—*Tortin.*

INROADS OF THE CHOIR.—(A church lesson from Punch.)—The *Rev. Oriel Bland* (who has come to perform the duty for an absent friend at a small country church.) "I suppose a hymn is sung in the usual simple manner." *Clerk.*—"Oh dear, no, Sir! we have a very efficient choir of singers, besides three violins, three flutes, a clarionet, accordion, horn, and my bass fiddle, and we sing four hymns, besides chanting the Psalms and Litany; we know Mozart's 12th service, and to-day we perform Purcell's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, besides our usual anthem; and, Sir, you need not trouble yourself to read the Belief, for we sing that too; and, Sir, would you prefer our tuning up for the last piece during your Exordium or at the Blessing, for my bass fiddle will drop half a note during service, and"—[The *Rev. Oriel Bland* turns pale, and asks for a glass of water.]

A RECIPE FOR LOWNESS OF SPIRITS.—Take one ounce of the Seeds of Resolution, properly mixed with the Oil of Good Conscience; infuse into it a large spoonful of the Salts of Patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called Others' Woes, which you will find in every part of the Garden of "Life," growing under the broad leaves of Disguise; add a small quantity; it will much assist the Salts of Patience in their Operation. Gather a handful of the Blossoms of Hope; then sweeten them properly with a Syrup made of the Balm of Providence; and if you can get any of the Seed of True Friendship, you will have the most valuable Medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful that you get the Seed of True Friendship, as there is a seed that very much resembles it, called Self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients up into Pills which may be called the Pills of Comfort. Take one night and morning, and in a short time the cure will be completed.

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